THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1272.

Original Poem.

CANTANALIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE LAYDON BARD.

I.
WEALTH

Bright Wealth in a chaser his trumpet blew,
And the ragged mass o'er the world world flew;
Till the loud mob echoed the loud slave,
And fettered souls bent with the tempting knave.
"Who'll follow me here in my path so low,
And how to me now in my pilgrim flow?
Tend the proud gay pair with unbaked air,
As he sat low down in his ivory chair.
Then soon a'er the sands of the trackless waste,
That legions rushed on with untiring haste;
And the deepest mutter'd from his worshipped one
As the whole world bowed at his princely feet:
"Ha'ha," he cried to his elated crowd,
"In camp, court, or desert I rule mankind!"

II.
POVERTY.

High where a princely palace stood
Sad Poverty her bed had made,
And to the passers-by bestowed
With humble look appealed for aid
Unheeded were her burning tears
By all that gay, inhuman throng;
Flattered their hearts, unmoved their fears,
Though writhing grasse proclaimed the wrong.
In vain her prayers and mournful wail
Were poured forth on the gapping breath:
Her voice grew faint, her prayers grew pale,
Her eyes sunk 'neath the glare of death.
And from the palace, mirth's loud host
Then swelled out for her farewell!

III.
HOPE.

For Hope is a maiden of changing bright
Whose luminous look farest on coolest agree,
Yet, on virtue's heart she never will rest
With a wreath of its bloom around them flung,
Tame to meet with and overcome difficulties,
And already have crowned after seeing her label
No prospect so fair but he wand of gold
Can bring into a moment a thousand fold
No lesson so happy but hope can fill
To clothe the heart with the beauty of thrill;
And even the terrors of dark despair
Are gone when hope has settled her there.
Then glad is our town at her noble shrine
To father a human—to hope, divine!

DESPAIR.

From out her dreary lower was despair
Poured forth her sorrows on the ear of night;
Where e'er they opened there all-deserting light
Black forms of darkness would start up,
Round nature trembled shrouded in the gloom,
And shook from pinion and from corner cries of
bloom—
Men shrunk aghast and here's soon did speak,
Where earth's would echoed her appalling wail,
And mingled deeply with joy's faster cresses,
And were no longer heard the happy laugh
The glow of life in every clime grew dim,
Where'er despair's dark shadow cast her vampyr grim.
Life was still received in—
Let mankind hope—or joy and gladness reign.

Original Tales.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK.

CONCLUDED

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A. ALLAN—AUTHOR OF THE DREAM OF LEILA.

CHAPTER IV.

It is a common and frequent assertion that the deeply accused suffer less than the guilty, because the consciousness of innocence is to them a consolation and support which the latter can never possess. We doubt, we more than doubt the truth of this aphorism. There is an agony of spirit, a feeling of injury, a sense of degradation, a fear of imputation, felt by the innocent, which the communion of crime, and the concurrent fears of detection, have already blunted in the breast of the guilty. Were Heaven our only judge, or did publishments only follow conviction, the knowledge of his innocence would be a sufficient shield to the shrinking heart against which the blow would fall innocuous; but then could not the guilty be subject to the same fear? that he be inflicted on the honorable and sensitive mind is the immediate offspring of the charge. For what is the nature of reputation? It is upon one—that a stigma is on our character—even the changed aspect, the cold regard, the open contempt of those we have been accustomed to look upon with most affection, will not, however undeserved, perhaps its most cherished sensations,—to be compelled to bear cautiously, repressed, the bitter sneer, the bold insinuation, the cutting sarcasm, too marked to be resisted,—these—these are the pangs that no bodily suffering can equal—keen that not even the stoic fortitude of despair, and the consciousness that they are undeserved. We have been forced to witness them, and our sympathy and generous spirit sinking under the crushing weight of an unjust infamy, and while we hate mankind, mark the ruffian's request, grasping him by the hand, the hearing of the indignant breast, we have felt no punishment could be inflicted on the guilty more severe or terrible.

Feeble are words to portray the agonized feelings of our hero, as he turned away from his heartless task done. At first the suddenness of the overwhelming shock whelm he had received, left only a vague and confusing sense of an inextricable misery that could be borne, but not grappled, but by degrees his mind became more clear little perceptions, more alive to the cruelty of the wrong that had been done him. Indignation at the injustice of the charge upon which every act of his life refuted, a withering sense of contempt for the malignant villainy of which his future prospects were blighted, that he was persecuted never more to rise, that he was condemned, branded by his benefactor as an ungrateful villain, would learn to despise his memory, preyed upon his mind and drove him almost to madness. Whether he was directing his steps he knew not nor cared for—all places seemed now alike to him. He mingled at the bottom tide he at length found himself, and a gentleman lays down the law in a liberal manner, why it's folly to hesitate, besides, a hundred pounds is not to be despised by a poor man. I will not lose I may as well acknowledge that I carried off the boy and brought him to New York.

"And what then became of him?" demanded the Major, impatiently.

"Why, Major, that's more than I can say, returned Dalston, with a cool impudence. "You see my young master became rather troublesome and I—I—I—I had been a little while reduced I sent him adrift to take care of himself."

"Why, Dalston, you villain!" exclaimed the Major, starting from his seat, "you have murdered the child!"

"No, Major not quite so bad as that!" replied Dalston, "There's not much danger of stray children starving in New York. We can't complain of a want of charity in the place. If one finds a young boy and don't choose to take it home, why there's the Alms House to send it to. Somebody or other picked the boy up, I warrant him."

"And you lost sight of him?" demanded the Major, eagerly.

"Have never clapped eyes on him since!" replied the ruffian, coolly.

"Then further search is hopeless!" responded the Major, in a tone of bitter disappointment.

"Mayhap so!" returned the ruffian. "Mayhap not, Major. If he's living I'll guarantee to knock him up again, but if he's dead, why you know that's an end of him. Never despair—that's my motto; while there's life there's hope; as the dy says when she cut the throat of her nuisance. The boy may be married and have a dozen children of his own by this time. I'll never hunt him out, I warrant you. The only difficulty will be to get on his track, and I guess we'll soon overcome that. You see the boy wasn't tongue-tied, although too young to carry much, besides he had several trinkets about him, which I let him keep, seeing that they were nothing but gilt, which, of no use to me. Now if he's rational to suppose that those who picked him up preserved the things in the hopes of their one day finding a discovery of his friends. The thing we had better do, therefore, is to advertise him in the papers, and if no answer is returned we can then set about hunting him in earnest, or a fight cannot. Only you say you'll bear the expense of it? I'll keep him out of harm's way, I'll have made clean tracks for Texas."

"I will pay every thing that may be necessary," replied the Major, "but mark me, do not trifle with me, for as surely as I discover you attempting to do so, even so surely will I make you repent it. I pay, and have the best title to the services of the present question, but some one, if Jack Dalston will stand by idle, when a friend calls on him for help, as he advises and will keep him out of harm's way."

"Stand back!" exclaimed Henry, fiercely shaking off the hand which the ruffian had laid on his shoulder, "I will perform the task myself. You shall receive no more from the chastisement that he deserves.

Dalston, despite of his former warning on the part of his employer, could not refrain from insulting the unfortunate lad whom he had betrayed, but scarce was, if Jack Dalston had ever dared to use such language to him, and his mind deeply participated against Henry as a heartless ingrate.

Contentions was the bewildered on the morning following the discovery of the forgery. Little was eaten, few words were spoken. The seat that Henry had been accustomed to occupy was filled by another, but he could not help feeling that his presence was irksome to his companions. Edward appeared to be the least affected of the whole, yet even he was glad when the meal was over, and felt that it was a relief when his uncle despatched him on some trivial errand to the office.

His interview with Dalston, and the circumstances attending it, we have already narrated. The ruffian's object in his visit to Carlton had not appeared when he returned, and gave an exaggerated account of his having been repulsed and attacked by Henry whom he accused of having spoken of his benefactor in the grossest terms of insult. All the returning good feelings of Mr. Norelaw were abandoned, anger were banished by the recital, and his mind again exasperated to the highest pitch.

"Dastard!" he exclaimed, "I knew that he thanks me for my forbearance! let him beware, for I may yet make him feel the justice he deserves. The viper! the hypocrite, so smooth and plausible! will not, and all the time so vile within. Girl! why the reality! how could you?"

"Oh not me!" exclaimed Mary eagerly. "I do not believe it! and not one word of it. He never uttered that of which he is accused!"

"What! dare you accuse your cousin of falsehood? retorted the old man sharply!

"I know not! he may have been mistaken," repeated Mary, as in duty have wilfully mentioned what was said. Henry forgive him if he has been his own native best, but I will not believe that one whom we have known so well from childhood, could have become thus altered in heart and that too without any apparent motive for such change."

It is as unpardonable as it is unnatural."

"Girl! your presumption against yourself," answered Edward with a scarcely perceptible sneer, "knowing as I do your infatuation for that boy, I cannot let the evil of his conduct pass without expressing my utter abhorrence of his having become nobly degraded. Seeing every other of the most unexceptionable character in the city at a late hour of the night as I did so I informed my uncle before this last discovery of his baseness. I could help suspecting that he has been led into error by degrees, and resisted at length some strong temptation to which you are free. We all have, or at least have had unnatural instances of the intense efforts of which I must know the boy has been the most heinous guilty. I needed very little hypocrisy in Henry to conceal his evil propensity from such observers as you have been."

Mary turned away without replying, but with a look that stung Edward to the quick. "I may yet live to regret your present contempt, my cousin," she muttered between his teeth, and then turning to his uncle expressed his readiness to go forth again.

"No, no," replied the old man, "I will go myself. I am not satisfied with what you have told me, and think the villain will have the face to assault me and let them we shall be on our own beat again. I take it, I am old, but I have not forgotten the use of a cane."

It was some time longer before he was ready to go forth, for he had to write several letters, and consult on issues on land alteration at the street which caused him to pause and listen. That of the ruffian's having been to the office, and of his interview with Dalston, which Edward at once took care to be Dalston's. With a new appearance of kindness for his nephew, he expressed his unbounded satisfaction at the manner in which he had conducted himself on the occasion, and at length the two left the office together, and walked down the street in silence.

The interest of our tale is over. Why then should we linger over the details of its denouement? As we have already hinted, anticipate Henry became the acknowledged son of Major Stanmore, and was shortly afterwards united to Mary Norelaw. Fame and fortune has been showered with two children, and we have reasons to doubt that their happiness is as complete as congenial feeling and true affection can make it. But of regard for his brother's memory Mr. Norelaw forgave his nephew, and was reconciled to him, although he could never look on his hardening up the affair of the check. But Edward was too degraded ever to be reclaimed. He returned to Philadelphia, was there detected in another fraudulent transaction, and only escaped condign punishment by committing suicide. Of Dalston's after career we can only say that true deformity of life would wash to note him out the justice he deserves, but in life it is not always the most guilty that are the most open, although we cannot from the Major, the ruffian expressed his intention of paying a visit to the West, but where he went we have been unable to ascertain. There can be little doubt, however, that some day or other his treachery and dastardly habits will be brought to his reward. We have only to add in conclusion, that Major Stanmore still remains in New York, and although he has often expressed a wish to return to England, and carrying his son with him, there are yet no signs of his putting his threat into execution. He continues to reside in the old house, over which Mary rules with a gentle, but despotic sway. Gentle reader we take a dram.

27 There is a wonderful pigeon roost in the forks of the Muscatine Island country, Iowa. It is described as being a mile wide and twelve in length. There can be no estimate made of their numbers. They are constantly coming and going in immense flocks, and nesting places being three in number, and each one covering a section of land, and in passing to or fro, they darken the air with their numbers, break down young trees with their weight, and limb fresh are killed by getting entangled in the falling limbs and branches. The people kill them with clubs, and their roost is so loud that when a gun is fired amongst them, the report cannot be heard, and a person can stand in one place and shoot all day, the birds returning as soon as you can load.

Original Poetry.

THE FAREWELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ESTWICK WALTERS

A fond farewell I'd breathe to thee,
Name fair the stern decree hath spoken,
A warm adieu—though sad it be,
I'd leave as Lilie's cooling token.

Why must we part—must love cease pain?
Can even a bright cloud in life be riven,
Which from on earth to heaven
Which bid us earth to bloom in heaven!

Oh cease my heart—tothe thought is sad,
That love's pure tale has the loud world scorn;
Or hers, affection's once so glad,
Down to oblivion dark, forever.

But hark!—a more sounds nearer and lower—
Her Truth shall be as endless ever,
Her Love grow bright as sunset's glow,
And constancy her warm heart's guide!

And here it stops. That voice shall guide
My heart in sunny or life's storm,
Shall cheer my heart when'er bestir,
And soothe its throbbing wild commotion
And when I'm far—or near—be true,
That brightest star in mem'ry's heaven,
Will ne'er be bright at twilight's adieu.

To these shall all my thoughts be given
Morgantown, Va.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR.

THE ARCADES—THE ROYAL GARDENS—THE NEW RESIDENCE—HALL OF THE THRONE—APARTMENTS IN THE KING—THE ROYAL CHAPEL

Munich, June 15, 1845.

Just at the commencement of the Ludwigstrasse, on the right are the Arcades, connecting the palace with the Barrack and forming the western boundary of the Royal Garden. On entering the broad gate way, one sees on each side a sheltered passage open to the eastern sky. The ceiling is illuminated in fresco and divided by the row of pillars into compartments, each of which contains a pavilion, and that part of the wall adjoining it is also taken up with a splendid painting, of some event in the history of Bavaria. On each side of the gateway are gigantic figures representing the principal rivers of the kingdom—Rhine and Danube, last and Main. On entering the garden, the view is extensive, the view is terminated by a large painting of Valhalla—a woman with a lion at her side, on the left of which is a representation of the Rhine and Main, and is bounded by the Arcade which encloses the Royal Garden on the north. To begin at the palace and walk along down the Arcades, one has on the left a constant succession of splendid historical paintings, opposite each of these on the right, a pavilion, the first of which is the Pavilion of Flora, and between the pillars a view down the shaded walks of the garden. Then comes the pavilion of Kaulbach, Zimmerman and other celebrated artists, now sixteen in number setting north the whole extent of the garden. Then comes the pavilion from the victory of the German army in the year of Thiem, in 1155, to king Maximilian Joseph's present reign, and then comes the pavilion of Ceres,

with octagonal arms. This one contained till she had climbed up them all, which took her some time, and then, as if she had finished a vow, turned and descended. A most quiet, singular sight: she was undoubtedly insane in her piety, but I must confess it made me sad to look upon it. J. T.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1845.

TERMS.

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2 COPIES, $3.00 " "
5 " $10.00 " "
27 " $20.00 " "

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For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sliter' Magazine" will be sent one year to subscribers.

We will send one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one dollar and one quarter of the Saturday Evening Post, all *for five copies of the Saturday Evening Post and one copy of Graham's Magazine for* $10.

Two copies of the Post, and one of the Ladies' Na tional Magazine, will be sent for Five dollars.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A considerable portion of our paper is occupied to-day, with the Reports of the Navy Army, Treasury and Patent Departments. These documents are of general interest, and the space occupied by them is worthy of. Allof, though it gives the paper a heavy appearance, we trust will be read. To be able to present a more varied and spicy journal.

The Foreign News does not confirm, as fully as expected, the accounts in England. Then, in every quarter, has declined, as may be seen by a reference to the markets. Our customary article of last week, on the subject of the Bank operations, we omit to-day, and, we hope, bootleal.

The Washington Union, on Tuesday last, contains the whole of the documents on the Oregon question. They are very lengthy. Nor do they present much that has not been published in part before, though hitherto through less accredited sources. As stated in the President's Message, the negotiation has been transferred since August 30th, in consequence of the summary refusal of Mr. Packenham to entertain the proposition submitted to our government. The proposition, on the part of Mr. Pakenham, has not pleased Great Britain, and a report is in circulation that Mr. P. is to be recalled, and a successor appointed. The rumor, however, is denied on him by Mr. P., who says that the only information he has of his recall, is from the American newspaper.

This aspect of affairs, at the first blush looks warlike. Not so then any doubt be that great activity continues to prevail at the English dock-yards. It is also said, by passengers in the Cambria, that the Duke of Wellington has expressed himself in favor of a war, and that the late Cabinet meetings which it is said were thought to relate to the warnings of the peace, had for their object the consideration of the Oregon question. The public mind, too, is in an excited state in England, in consequence of the vast approach of the time for the President's Message, and there is no doubt whatever, but that Mr. Polk's views, when the document goes home, will considerably increase this excitement.

On the other hand, there is an evident disposition in Congress, to support the President in all that he demands. This is a resolution entertained, not only by the Administration party, but by Mr. Adams and other Whigs. The determination has its origin, in part, in the evident design of Great Britain to seize and colonize the California, and Mr. Adams says, that the United States ought not to concede an inch of the disputed territory in Oregon, unless Great Britain relinquishes her designs on the California.

It may be, that England will not relinquish their designs even to obtain peace: it may also happen that caution will she accept, nor we offer terms of compromise in which the parties can agree. But though this is possible, it is not probable. Such as the opinion, at least of Mr. Walker the Secretary of the Treasury, an opinion which is good authority, and on man, even in the Cabinet, speaks more affirmed than he does. The attention of the President, is to consider the negotiation in London. Such a proposition, it seems, has been made to the British Ministry, and it is expected the proposition will be accepted. In that case, from the well known abilities of Mr. McLane, we may assign a favorable termination to the business of Oregon. As long as the negotiation is kept at Washington, the narrow instructions accorded to Mr. Packenham, it is feared will prevent an adjustment of the dispute.

That a war, which could do neither country good, but which would work harm to both, may be hastily avoided, is our fervent prayer, at it should be of every citizen.

LATER FROM OREGON.

Dr Elijah White, sub-agent of Indian affairs for the territory of Oregon, arrived at Independence Mo., on the 17th ult, with late intelligence from Oregon. He left the mouth of the Pacific on the 30th of July, some forty miles from the Oregon River, and arrived in the Colony about the 15th of August. He found the Legislature in session at Oregon City. Here he was officially requested to bear a memorial and resolutions emanating from that body, and signed unanimously by them—also by the Judge of the Territory and Executive Committee—to the Congress of the United States. Jesse Applegate only be left on the 16th. He arrived at Fort Vancouver on the 17th, the Dalles of the Columbia on the 20th, and on the 27th proceeded on his journey.

Dr White heard of Lieut. Fremont's party to the South of Fort Laramie all well. The Doctor left the Willamette Colony in a very flourishing state and is of opinion that Oregon, at no distant day, will rival many of the Atlantic states in agricultural, mineral, and the arts. A daily conjecture makes the distance

From Oregon City to Fort Hall	400 miles.
From Fort Hall to Green River	180 miles.
From Green River to Fort Laramie	400 miles.
From Fort Laramie to Independence	640 miles.
	1620

FINANCES OF PENNSYLVANIA

The Treasurer of Pennsylvania, James S. Jenkins, Esq., has issued a circular which will learn the gratifying intelligence that the finances of our Commonwealth continue to improve. On November 30th, there was a balance in the treasury of $244,886 05, which includes the sum of $38,268 30 of depreciated and irredeemable notes. The amount due for interest in February next is stated at $900,000, which will depend upon the amount of interest certificates issued, which are not yet all in, and up to that period. The Treasurer states that there is due from the several counties, for the unpaid taxes of 1845, the sum of $150,000, and for previous years $50,000, making a total of $850,000, and urges all collectors to be prompt in their duties, that this sum may be made available towards paying the February instalment, as the means of the Commonwealth are ample, if energetic measures of the Commonwealth are ample, if energetic measures are made to collect the assessed taxes duly. All taxes due by any county, and unpaid on or before the second Tuesday of January, will be charged at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

We have advices from Monterey (Upper California) to the middle of October. A British fleet, destined for Oregon, was passing up the west coast. The Governor of Monterey had the militia called out to meet an expected invasion from the United States squadron. Passengers of all nations are expected. Americans are pouring into the country from Oregon and the States. The tax of $200 on whale ships has been taken off by the authorities of California. Inhabitants and citizens are much wanted by the American settlers. The crops in Southern California have unexpectedly turned out a failure, owing to extreme drought in the latter part of the season—barely grain enough to save the crop of the cattle, provisions scarce and high.

MISERABLE DELUSION.

A young printer in St. Louis, named Thos Jaccliff, in a fit of insanity, severed his right hand from his wrist with an axe. When discovered, he was in search of some person to cut off the other hand, and said that he had suspected the fact that the wound might thereby be saved!

CROWDING INTO CITIES.

There is no more fatal error than the practice, too common in this country, of leaving a good farm and embarking in the tumultuous of a city life. A young man, it is to thought, has but to come to the metropolis to make his fortune. Then, if he fails, a second and second notion has been the case of many people. Despising the laborious occupation of their fathers, and ignorant of the arts by which they might live, the eager hunted young men both alike to the personal mansion, and borrow for a enough city, where he is described a stranger in the hurry of business, subject to a thousand temptations which country dietort, if they fail to ruin his character. Coming to a large city is like going to a strange country. Here every one is so engrossed with the desire of his own advancement, that there is scarcely a thing of kind and sympathy for which a country population is distinguished. Sickness, and often death overtakes the young man, and he is buried perhaps, for from those he loved, with none but strangers hands to smooth his pillow, or attend him to the grave.

Success in life does not always attend the young adventurer, even if his health is spared, and he rises above the temptations of a city's temptation. Often he finds that he has given up a slow but secure pursuit at home, to embark in uncertain gains and shipwreck his fortune in the bay. We know of many, filled with the best intentions and sympathy for which a country population is distinguished; kindness, and often death overtakes the young man, and he is buried perhaps, for from those he loved, with none but strangers hands to smooth his pillow, or attend him to the grave.

BALLOON ADVERTISING.

In Liverpool, a new method of advertising was lately resorted to by some inventive genius. At about midday, three balloons but hitherto were observed to ascend from different parts of the metropolis, creating much excitement filling the people, from the fact of their being a novelty. Shortly afterwards, when the 13th of November, each fastened to the immediate neighborhood. Numerous bills were attached to the balloons, which, on being cut away, fell to the ground, and were immediately picked up by the persons who happened to be in the vicinity of the descent. In order to facilitate the use of the "driving rods." We learn from the Brooklyn Daily Advertiser, that this distinguished gentleman has left the latter city, and will, we have for some time been, in desperate search somewhere upon the east end of Long Island for the hill and field. Their movements are conducted with great secrecy, for fear some antelope may anticipate their discovery.

MONEY DIGGING.

Searching for lost treasure has plenty of votaries now-a-days. It is said that Captain Kidd, a retired buccaneer at Poughkeepsie, is overhauling the old chests for by his piratical career, and that he has already found a large amount. Another search-warrant is issued in the case, "of the lord knows what," and on the 13th of November, each fastened to the immediate neighborhood. Numerous bills were attached to the balloons, which, on being cut away, fell to the ground, and were immediately picked up by the persons who happened to be in the vicinity of the descent. In order to facilitate the use of the "driving rods." We learn from the Brooklyn Daily Advertiser, that this distinguished gentleman has left the latter city, and will, we have for some time been, in desperate search somewhere upon the east end of Long Island for the hill and field. Their movements are conducted with great secrecy, for fear some antelope may anticipate their discovery.

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RAUMER ON NIAGARA.

The effect which Niagara has on educated foreigners is well described in the lately published travels of the celebrated Von Raumer. He had been in search of the celebrated cataract, and had witnessed so much of the exaggeration, which is a fault of our people that he concluded that its fame rested on the ignority of its visitors, rather than on the sublimity of the waterfall. He expected, therefore, to be less affected by it than by smaller, but more picturesque falls. Accordingly, he left Buffalo with small guides and a large party, like a Lilliputian, and he was compelled to be content with small guides and a large party, like a Lilliputian, and he was compelled to be content with small guides and a large party, like a Lilliputian, and he was compelled to be content

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per volume—$1 if paid in advance.

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Letters and papers will not be sent Back received in payment for our terms.

We are constantly solicited to make quick remittances, and we cannot refuse, but would be happy never to receive them. They should always give names and time paid for.

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JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STEPHENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON, New Brunswick.

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JAMES PURDIE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulty has been found on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following abstract of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding six dollars in amount) is deposited, gives a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the Post Master general then causes it to be paid by the Postmaster, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the paper is published.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, if he is not authorized to frank a letter, will frank one on the business of the deposit, and send it to the postmaster at whose office payment of which it is deposited, and the Post Master general causes it to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorized to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the subscription for the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the name is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, Mulberry, Pa., September 15, 1845.

This is to certify that I have received dollars for subscription to the Saturday Post, for one year, which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount, being paid to me on account with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publisher, to whom the name of the office is properly endorsed.

Signed] JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia.

POST OFFICE, *Mulberry, Pa., September 15, 1845.*

To the *Post Master at Philadelphia.*

SIR—I have this day received from *John Hailey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," which I have deducted one per cent, and charged myself with the amount, being paid to me on account with Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publisher, to whom the name of the office is properly endorsed.

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Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the above mode of payment, can remit through the Post Office regulations, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks on payment of notes register, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

POEMS BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. *Illustrated by D. Huntington.* 1 vol. 8 vo. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* 1846. We have been a complete edition of Mr. Longfellow's poems, collected into a single octavo volume, of about four hundred pages. The style in which the book is got up deserves the very highest praise—the paper, the printing, and the binding are all those of the best English annuals. A mere typographical "fair face" is nothing, unless the matter of the book are particularly meritorious. "Poems" is a beautiful picture, worthy alike of the author and the publishers.

"Home Scenes" is also a very elegant place, and the portrait of Longfellow, which it contains, is really very superior to that artist's usual work. There are two mistakes in it, and not one is an inferior person.

The volume we believe contains all the poems of Mr. Longfellow's poems.—his earlier efforts, and his translations as well, and not one is unworthy of him. "The Spanish Student," is also included in the present edition. None of the four poems, which are the last in the book, are remarkably beautiful—if those we regard "The Occultation" as probably the best of them.

Such publications as these are creditable to our publishers. We are glad to see so elegant a volume issued from the Philadelphia press.

THE SERMONS OF MORALITY *Intended for the Amusement and Instruction of Young People: Illustrated with twenty three engraved designs by Darley. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* We have never so misused a book with a variety of subject, and the style and professions of the title page than in the case in the next little volume. It contains sixteen pious and pro-tical, and others not quite so pious and practical, the whole might be elaborated into three volume tales, but of natural history, and of domestic economy, and, particularly diluted would furnish a library of such things as are sometimes called for by parents who have no taste. Take a altogether, in matter and in the manner of getting up it is a most desirable book, and appropriate for all seasons.

SKETCHES OF THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURES in the United States. *By the Author of "Sketches of Connecticut Cards. 1 vol. New York. W. H. Graham, 1846.* The volume will contain, not only the woollen statistics, but the American part of the book will be about three-fourths were collected at an expense of more than eleven hundred dollars, in a journey of three months, on horseback or by attorney, every woollen factory in the United States. The statistics, may be relied on for the accuracy of its details.

THE ROMAN CHURCH AND MODERN SOCIETY. *Translated from the German of Dr. Clemens Maria Hofbauer by Rev. Edward Y. Hall. New York. Gates & Stedman. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co. 1846.*—This book has been translated from the original German of Europe. It is said to be one of the most forcible treatises yet produced on the subject of the relations now existing between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism.

THE STUDENTS OF CHEMIC. *By a Layman. 1 vol. New York. Harper & Brothers.*—especially: now, with *Law and Bladstone.*—This Treatise is written to prove that the expansion of Chemic Science has not only not been weakened, but has very Godhead—a doctrine opposed to the views of many philosophers, who think that the world will have ultie replies enough from the orthodox divines.

THE INFECTS. *Translated from the French by H. M. Motteux by Edward Jesse. Edited by Rev. William Kirby. New York. Gates & Stedman. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co.* 1846.—This is a bold and searching examination into the order of the Insects. It has obtained very great popularity in France. Those interested in religious controversy, will find it a very able work.

TABLE TALK AND SPARKE TALK. *By Harry Hooser. 1 vol. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* 1846.—This is a handsome duodecimo volume, with about fourteen short books, tables, character, cost, &c. The work is written in a strong and pleasing gossip, but lacks discrimination—in that they who have to do with horses cannot be induced to purchase a copy.

AN ELOQUENT SERMON.—We have had read on not to like a copy of a sermon, delivered by the Rev. E. Neville, M. A. Rector of Bolton, Lancs. We do not like it, and We recently have read so fine a composition. Next week we shall notice it more at length. The pamphlet may be had of *G. B. Zieber & Co.* Philadelphia.

CONFESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF A WATER PHYSICIAN. *By Edward Johnson, M. D. New York. C. M. Hickman. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co.*—We gave an abstract of the curious pamphlet in an editorial column a few days ago. It appears in the form of a Monthly Magazine a month or two ago.

THE LIFE AND PERAMBULATIONS OF A MOUSE. *With Illustrations by Darley. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton & Co.* 1846. The pictures in this little volume are by some one unknown. We suppose that they are the work found for the Christmas Holidays. The letter-press is *Admirably* get up.

A TREATISE ON CORNS, BUNIONS, THE DISEASES OF NAILS, AND THE GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF THE FEET. *By Lemuel Gulliver. 1 vol. New York. Harper & Brothers.*—This volume is a republication from an English work of much merit. It will be found especially valuable by the inhabitants of cities.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD. *By J. Frost, LL. D.* This valuable compendium of history has now reached the era of the Middle Ages. The numbers continue to be as beautifully printed as ever.

STORIES FOR HOME. *By Miss Sidney Lasbe. 1 vol. Philadelphia: H. F. Anners.* This is a delightful little book for a child, and is beautifully printed to correspond with the contents.

A FLOUR SPECULATION.

A Cincinnati paper states that a respectable house in that city, purchased, on the 5th of October, 5000 barrels of Flour at $5 10—sold the entire lot, October 31st, at $5 45—superintended it, November 25th, at $5, and resold it, November 27th, at $6 50. The Flour remained in storage in three townhouses during the whole time of these profitable speculations.

Casualties.

☞ Joseph Kay, of Camden county, (West Jersey,) went into his stable one night last week with a lantern, which he carried his stables that they flew at him, threw him down, kicked and trod upon him in the most furious manner, breaking one or two of his ribs, and inflicting other serious injuries upon his person. The lantern was broken in the melee, and the light communicated to the surrounding litter, which was soon in a blaze! At this critical juncture, a member of the family came to Mr. Kay's assistance, rescued him from his perilous situation, and rescued the building from conflagration. We learn that Mr. Kay has since died from the effects of the injuries he received.

☞ *Zephar Stanton*, of Simsbury, Conn., aged 40, while working at a machine on Thursday week had almost instantly and without a struggle, from a piece of metal he was eating being so lodged in his throat as to entirely close the passage, of which the sudden from its position by opening his mouth a short time after his death. It is a remarkable case since that his father died from the same cause a number of years since, and also while eating his supper.

☞ The Canadian, of Quebec, of the 30th ult. mentions the melancholy death of the Rev. C. E. Belanger, Roman Catholic Missionary at Somerset. He had been on a visit to one of his missions, and when returning home on a horseback, accompanied by two men, lost his way in crossing a swamp, and with his companions, perished of cold. The deceased clergyman was but 32 years of age.

☞ A lad lost his arm in one of the Lowell factories by getting entangled in the machinery. The company kindly gave him $500, and the sufferer employed, made up Three Thousand Dollars for the unfortunate boy! an instance of liberality coupled with the means of doing a good action probably without a parallel.

☞ The Norfolk Herald of Saturday says — A note from one of the Commissioners of Wrecks has been brought up to-day which Henry, and all hands on board the steamer Caroline, state and one hand. No further particulars as yet.

Domestic Happiness.

CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE THE LAST.

MRS CAUDLE HAS TAKEN COLD, THE TRANSIT OF THIS SENSE.

I'm not going to contradict you, Caudle, you may say what you like—but I think I ought to have a little more feeling better than you. I don't wish to upbraid you, neither; I'm too ill for that, but it's not getting wet in this season,—ah, no! it's my mind, Caudle, my mind that's killing me. Oh! you! great indeed—you think great will cure a woman of any thing, and you know, too, how I hate to cough; I teach what I suffer, but of course nobody is sure ill but yourself. Well, I—I didn't mean to say that, but when you talk in that way about this shows, a woman says, of course, what she doesn't mean, she can't help it. You've always gone on about my shows, when I think I'm the most unwell, the more I become my best; I don't—I would be all the same to you if I put on plough man's boots: but I'm not going to make a figure of my feet I can tell you. I've never said any thing about it—but it has never left me. Yes, ten years ago the day before yesterday, for I recollect it was the day I was married, and I'm sure I've had no peace since. Caudle, you couldn't think to a good reason for it. No I don't mean to say that you've killed me, quite the reverse, I've been the death of you that I haven't left the asylum. What! Why sure! I have the more! What's the use of us living together, if we're not to have any feelings? Oh! you're unbearable for the world, but the world's no good, I get ten years ago

Selected Poetry.

WINTER AND AGE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Grey Winter breeds sinister. He is old
And bleak not the opening of the harbor,
Nor the shrill song of birds. At which time
To hear the forest melodies, though still
His gloom incense to the ruffled temper,
That, with blunt fingerends and disordered cheeks,
Matter hoarse discourse and wrestling path.

He lays his finger on the lip of streams,
And they are ice, and seize the misery feet
Of the slight rustler, as it limpeth down.
Terrour he inverses, from the mountain's hoard,
He showeth the pathway of the lonely.
That trod his mile in gentle Summer's ear,
All the day long repenitalizes, and doth bid
Misery frosts chamber and chide it, till it sobbeth
Absolv'd away.

He sits with wrinkled face
Like some old grandsire, ill at ease, who sheds
The sunny trooping of the children round,
And, drawing nearer to the pinchered fire,
Doth settle on his head the velvet cap,
And blow his nose for quiet, once again.
Stern Winter drives the comer footstole back
To the dark sorrow of the unvexing earth,
And dead'neth, with his chilled mower, the scents
Of orient and fruit-bearing.

Then it is, with men,
When the chill wastrel of his life leaves on.
The sear dark, leaden the sun sinketh ere it travel,
Or, like some lonely hermit, bar the door,
Though sweetest noon solicit it a while,
The very picture scenery of the tarnished season
And old wind-shaken superciles of time,
Which all the languid season sunneth by
The Sabbath of the week.

The echoing sound
Of giddy pleasures, whose the heart in youth
Disported eagerly—the rustling wood,
Of the green, gossamer-lady, are sought to him,
Who, as he journeyeth in a clime unknown,
Would on the silence of holy silence cling.
And his all sounds and symphonies of earth
Full, like a fade'd remember, from the soul.

Choice Tales.

THE WIDOW'S CHILD.

A Tale for Winter.

BY SARAH A. HUNT.

It was a cold morning in the latter part of November. All things looked desolate, and few persons were traversing the busy streets of New York. In a small house, in a retired part of the city, were two persons, Helen Granby and her mother. Helen sat by the bedside of her parent, and her eyes filled with tears, as she saw her own sorrow mistimely, and knew no aid, and yet could not afford to get a physician.

"Dearest mother, she said, in a tone which she in vain endeavored to render cheerful, "can I do anything for you?

"Give me a glass of water," she said, faintly, "and then I shall sleep."

Helen complied with her request, and the sum mother recovered from her pain, as she thought of their poverty and the few comforts her mother had. After Mr. Granby drank the water, Helen arrang ed the pillows carefully, and her mother fell asleep Helen looked round the apartment, and sighed deeply, as her eye fell on the scanty furniture. Her father had been born in comfortable circumstances but owing to the pressure of the time, he failed; and not being a man of very strong mind, sunk beneath the blow. Mrs. Granby was the very reverse of her husband, for she was a woman of great energy; but her health had long been delicate, and grief that canker of the heart, had laid her on a bed of sickness, from which she was now unable to rise The little sum of money left by their misfortune was now expended. Helen had not heard anything that morning, for what food they had, she reserved for her sick mother.

She gazed long on the face of her idolized parent; then rose as no one knew, and sought aid in prayer.

"Oh God," she murmured, "my trials are great, then I can bear—why am I called to endure this extremity of agony, and when I speak nothing is seen me, without being able to save her?" At length she arose more composed. For a moment she left the room, and then returned with a neighbor's child; who promised to watch by the bedside of her mother, while the unhappy Helen went out in search of employment. She wrapped her shawl about her, for she had sold her more comfortable garments, and leaving the parlor of the house, hastened out into the snow air, and wandered to ward the more business parts of the city. She soon entered a large store, where she could not obtain the employment for which she had come. Here she hesitated a moment, and a deep blush of pride flushed her cheek, for she dreaded the insults of the insolent shopkeeper. But the thought of her mother crossed her mind, and with a firm step she entered the store. The clerk was leaning on the counter, in conversation with a companion; he turned his head and looked at Helen as she entered; then with many remarkable remarks. Helen's cheek burned, but she advanced towards him, and said,

"I have come to ask for employment—have you any plain sewing to give me?"

"Well, really, Miss," he replied, still leaning on the counter; "I don't; it was here the times was so hard, we can scarcely keep our old hands."

Helen left the store. Pride, that smoke the breaking heart, with a smiling brow, had suppressed her; but that support now failed, and she burst into tears: she then left the store. Oh! what shall we do with difficulty prevented her sobs from being audible. If she could have been alone, but for a moment, she have indulged her wounded feelings, it would have been a luxury. But she dried her eyes, and compressed her lips firmly.

"I am too proud," she murmured, "oh! to endure the bitter feelings of the wretched heart; but it will seek employment throughout the city, if it must be so, and feeling shall be stifled, if it cost me my life. Why cannot I die now, before every human feeling is withered and crushed in my heart? Alas! poor Helen, we cannot leave from the load of life when we would; many and bitter are the conflicts we must undergo through, before we are prepared to leave this world. But soon came to a store where she saw embroidery in the window. She went in, and a lady courteously came to her with a mild, pleasant countenance.

"I have come to seek for employment," said Helen, in a faltering voice, while a crimson came to her cheek, and her lip quivered. The lady noticed it and said, kindly,

"I will endeavor to give you something, although we have but little at present."

"I am deeply grateful," said Helen, in a trembling voice, for the kind manner of the lady touched her sensitive heart, and she burst into tears, and sought aloud.

"Come with me into this room, my dear young lady," said Mrs. Preston; "then you can indulge your feelings; I am not fit for the young, who have to suffer with the world for the first time. She took Helen's hand and led her into a little back room nearly furnished. Helen thanked her kindly, and said, in a low tone,

"Oh! if every heart felt for the unfortunate as yours does, misery would seldom find a dwelling place in our bosoms

"I would willingly alleviate your sorrows, if I could," said Mrs. Preston, in a soothing tone.

"You have alleviated them," said Helen, "for you have spoken kind to me, and I long to tell you my heartless; but I must hasten back to my mother, for she is very sick, and I have left only a child to watch with her."

"You are exhausted," said the lady, "let me give you a glass of wine" as saying, she turned to the cupboard and poured it out, but Helen exclaimed.

"No, I thank you for your kindness; but I can do without it." Her proud spirit rebelled against what she considered as charity, although she needed it. The lady kindly insisted on it, and Helen took it. Mrs. Preston then gave Helen ten cents to embroider, and promised she should have more when these were finished. A doubtful expression crossed her countenance, and she said, in a troubling tone

"If you would ponder the money beforehand, you can have it."

"How can I ever be grateful enough!" said Helen; "I will accept your offer, for it has come when I am well nigh in despair."

With a lighter heart Helen hastened home. She found her mother alarmed at her continued absence. Helen immediately cast the child, who had watched with her mother, to procure some nourishing food and medicine.

Mrs. Granby's health now that she had the requisite comforts, improved a little, and Helen was happier than she had been for some time. She labored incessantly for she had the rent to pay, as well as other expenses. Her mother at length left her sick bed, not with recovered health, but much improved.

"You will soon be well, mother," said Helen, cheerfully, "and I can get employment, and then we can live quite happily. You know that I have something laid up for the rent, and I hope by perseverance and economy to defray our small expenses."

Mrs. Granby smiled sweetly, as she replied,

"We will trust in Him who guideth all things for us."

"What should we do if it were not for Mrs. Preston," said the grateful Helen, "she is kind as those of mercy to us."

"She is indeed," said the mother, "we should be thankful to Heaven for what blessings we possess; patience! patience! is what we must endeavor to cultivate, for we are not afflicted beyond what we are able to bear, and afflictions, as well as blessings, are sent for our benefit to us, by Our who loves us, and knows best how to promote our real good." Often were the hours whiled away in conversation between the lady and Mrs. Granby, instead of repining, sought to cheer her daughter, and from comfort and hope from the most unhappy situation. Quarter day at length came, and when the landlord called, Helen had the rent for him. Oh! how her heart bounded with delight at the new style, some of Miss Granby's own invention," continued Mrs. Preston, turning to the young lady.

"That is indeed beautiful," said the young girl, who was apparently about seventeen, "and displays a delicate taste; will you embroider me two capes, but late 11?" she said, speaking to Helen.

Helen gladly assented. Her manner attracted the observation of the young lady. Helen was not beautiful; but her countenance was very expressive, and there was a delicate refinement about it, that spoke of a kind and well cultivated, and a taste that would appreciate all that was beautiful in nature. As she noticed the earnest gaze of the young lady, The sweet girl was immediately interested in her, and resolved to cultivate her acquaintance if she could. With all the romantic enthusiasm of a young and generous heart, she determined to secure the friendship of Helen. An opportunity soon occurred to gratify her good will, for it began to rain suddenly, and they were obliged to wait in Mrs. Preston's store. They soon fell into an animated conversation, first on embroidery; and then on painting and music. The strange information Helen that she had just returned from boarding school, where she had remained six years. Her father had recently lived in Boston, but had moved to New York while she was, in consequence, but little acquainted in the city.

Soon the young lady's carriage, which she had ordered some time before, arrived, and she insisted on taking Helen home. When they reached Helen's door, her companion said she would call at Mrs. Preston's for the work. Helen was so enthusiastic for her; and added, that as her father was about to leave the city for his country seat, she might not see her again very soon.

"I hope this is not the last time we will meet," she said, "but if it is, keep that to remember me by;" so saying, she handed Helen a piece of gold ring bearing that Helen hesitated to accept it, she threw it into her hand, and then hastily closed the coach window. Helen looked after her and saw her smile and bow, then the generous girl was conveyed out of sight.

We will pass over an interval of two months, and again visit the humble apartment of Helen Granby. She had had constant employment during this time, and their little room had assumed something like an air of comfort. But a new misfortune hung over them. Her mother's health was now entirely restored, and the natural cheerfulness and gaiety of Helen's disposition triumphed over depressing circumstances. She received a visit from Miss Preston's embroidery home Mrs. Preston informed her that she would be unable to supply her with any more work. Here poor Helen's heart sunk within her, and the necessary of the day when she first saw Mrs. Preston, rushed to her mind. Mrs. Preston saw her countenance change, on her countenance, and said.

"I am truly sorry, dear Miss Granby, but I cannot help it, for owing to a month I have not made my expenses, and although I would do much to assist you, I cannot run in debt. My brother has intrusted me to his care for the part of a month, and his motherless children. He will dispose of my shop for me, and to-morrow is the last day I shall be here." Helen, with these words, received the gratification of her feelings long, and she did not wish to give pain to Mrs. Preston, by letting her witness the distress she was the cause of. Sobbing her, therefore, as affectionate, but hasty adieu, she departed.

"Oh! my poor mother," murmured Helen, as she left the shop, "How shall I tell her we are again set destitute."

Various and painful thoughts occupied the mind of Helen, as she proceeded slowly homeward. One thing she resolved, that she would seek for employment before she saw her mother, than she resolved to consult with her. At length she reached home, and Mrs. Granby was alarmed at the unusual expression of her countenance.

"Helen, what ails you, my child," she said anxiously, "something has happened, I am sure."

"Something has, indeed," answered Helen, "Mrs. Preston has given me work." She then told her story. "Every business is bad now, and we must starve."

"Do not be discouraged, my dear child," said the mother consolingly, "we are not as badly off now as we were when I was sick."

"Yes, indeed we are," said Helen, "I will try not to repine. Hope on hope ever' shall be our motto."

But even this encouraging motto did not alter the case, and for three weeks, Helen and her mother were in a state of destitute. They had been obliged to use the money they had laid by for the rent. In a week their landlord would call, and Helen roused herself to renewed exertion. She went to the city again to seek employment. After stopping at various places without success, she came to a large, elegant brick-store. Here she had at the window, and saw a tall, handsome young man behind the counter. Poor Helen had learnt, within the last three weeks, that pride must be mortified, so she entered the store, and the young man immediately the guests soon departed.

Three months from that evening Helen Granby was the bride of Theodore Clifton. How lovely she looked with the rose in her dark glossy hair, cheek, and her soft, dark eye beaming with love and tenderness to all around. Evaline Clifton was also there. Theodore introduced his friend claimed the hand he had long loved, and Evaline smiled pale, before consented to the marriage also. Mr. Clifton at first opposed his son's choice, although he saw it made him unhappy. Helen did not know of this, and her gentle manner and sweet disposition to have become the wife of Theodore. Her father-in-law soon became fondly attached to her, and she and her husband spent their days in what a pearl she was until she became his daughter.

Curious Scraps.

HOW TO SELL A DULL BOOK.

In Macaulay's last article, in the Edinburgh Review, upon the writings of Sir John Dalrymple, Mr. Fox, the author of Robinson Crusoe and the father of English Novelists, we find the following amusing anecdote, which we think will be read with interest by many:

"Defoe was a writer of many books, and depended on his own day with a long face after having published a large edition of a very dull and heavy book called *Dalrymple Professor of Divinity*. He had sometimes been in prosper ourselves to the well," which the public, not appreciating his very considerable merits of that nature, had stubbornly refused to buy. What was to be done with the professorship edition which had whether were growing fat? Fox quoted his fears. Nothing but a ghost from the grave, it was true, could reconcile such a book with dullness; but a ghost from the grave the worthy bookseller should have. So speedily done as said. In Fox sent him in a few days *The True History of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal the next day after her Death to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury*, the 8th of September, 1705. If such a thing was ever to be believed, here it was made credible. The business-like, homely, earnest, commonplace air of truth, was irresistible. And what said the ghost to Mrs. Bargrave? The ghost, in the course of a long gossip, lifted with the says *I and thines I* of the sage he and thine *she*, of the tea-table of a country tea-an, said—with all the confident dogmatism of her recent mortuary experience—that Dalrymple's book on death "is the best book that ever was writ on the subject." So Sherlock must be laid, low Dutch books had merit; several others were in the same case; but Dalrymple, she protested, had by far the clearest notion of death and the future state, of any one who had handled the matter. The narrative was appended to the book, and a second edition of it, in a few days, was called for. The copies, he was an illustration of Sir Walter Scott, (with whom the narrative was a great favorite,) that "a ghost is the very thing to set a short story a-going." It was a pity of land before, now traversed the town in every direction, like the scene between Banquo and Fleance in a field-piece. May the book has been popular ever since. More than fifty editions have not exhausted its popularity. Mrs. Veal's ghost is still believed by thousands. And the hundreds of thousands who have bought the nifty pieces of *Dalrymple*, (the bookseller must have made their fortunes by traversing the country with it in sundry numbers,) have borne unconscious testimony to the truth of Fox's saga.

"How shall I ever repay thee, Ambrose," said Helen, while a burning blush yet spread on her cheek; "but I hope I shall be able to make a return on your generosity."

"I hope you will repay me as I shall direct, after you are separated," said Clifton, with a meaning smile.

Both these words he departed.

But he could not drive Helen from his mind. Arriving at home, he regained a private audience of his sister Evaline. They walked out on the piazza together—and he related all that he knew of Helen, and concluded by saying, "she is the sweetest girl I ever saw."

"I think you must be in love," said Evaline Clifton, laughing.

"I am not ashamed to confess it," said her brother, "and if she would have me, I should be proud to call her my wife. I can never sufficiently enough to want to marry a rich, fashionable woman, if she possess riches of the mind and heart—that is sufficient for me."

"What is the name of this fair creature?" she asked archly.

"Do not speak so lightly, Evaline," said her brother.

"What a solemn delusory you feel toward this wonderful damsel, Ambrose," said Evaline, laughing immodestly, "if you are so sensitive in speaking of her I don't know how you speak to her, perhaps you are in every sentence with a groan."

"Nay, Evaline, you are too bad," said Theodore, who could not help smiling at his sister's raillery.

"But you have not told me her name yet," said Evaline. "and I am vastly impatient to see her."

"Her name is Granby," replied her brother, and she lives not far from here."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Evaline, "it must be the same young girl, the new favorite of Mrs. I do not wonder that you admire her, for I was completely fascinated with her, but that is not strange in her case, because I always act on impulse. I told you about her at the time," continued Evaline, "that I gave her a ring, and you said I acted like a foolish girl; you were right, Ambrose, forgive me."

"I had not seen her then," said her brother, "or I should not have said so."

"I will go with you and see her to-morrow," said Evaline. "I long to renew our romantic acquaintance. I would rather have her for a friend than half a dozen affected, fashionable girls. An revoir," said Evaline, as she disengaged herself from her brother's arm, and left him alone. He was left there by an intimate friend of her brother's, who was desirous of being still more intimate with his lovely sister.

It was a bright and sunny afternoon. Helen sat at her drawing-table, when she was knocked at the door. She opened it, and what was her astonishment to behold the young lady she had met three months before at Mrs. Preston's!

"I am indeed happy to see you," said Evaline Clifton, grasping the extended hand of Helen and shaking it warmly.

"I feared you had forgotten me," said Helen, "but I am most happily undeceived. Have you removed from your residence in a month I have not come to town?"

"Yes, I have," said Evaline, "and now I shall have the advantage of your near neighborhood to remind me of you, or perhaps I might not have been so soon—guess who it was?"

"It is impossible for me to conjecture," answered Helen, "I have no friends but my mother."

"I am sorry that I am not," said the lady, for this person is a sincere friend. Who are these drawings for?" she continued, suddenly taking up one and examining it. Helen bent over her painting in hide a blush as she replied.

"I think the gentleman's name is Clifton."

"What kind of a person is he?" asked Evaline.

"He is very kind and generous," replied Helen, "to his personal appearance I think he resembles the rest of his species." Evaline laughed heartily.

"Do you think he resembles me?" Helen looked up and pursued her occupation attentively, then as if a light flashed on her mind she exclaimed,

"He is your brother."

"Very true," answered Miss Clifton, smiling, but can't it singular?"

"It is indeed," said Helen, "I wonder I did not see the likeness before. As she spoke Evaline's brother entered the room.

"I find you are old acquaintances," he said, his eye lighting up with pleasure.

"Yes," replied Helen, "I hope I can duly appreciate the kind regard of both brother and sister."

"I hope you will appreciate mine," said the latter would ask would be your warm-hearted friend. I feel that I would be, here he paused and hesitated, and cast down his eyes in token of embarrassment.

"What a situation I am placed in," exclaimed Evaline, "but as Theodore has spoken for me so generously I will assist him in his extremity, he knows I am his friend, that all he would ask would be your warm-hearted love."

Helen knew not how to reply she strove to speak, but could not find words her eyes were downcast, her cheek burned, she trembled with agitation. At this critical moment Mrs. Granby entered, and was introduced to Helen's new friend. The conversation turned on indifferent subjects, and

"Helen, what ails you, my child," she said anxiously, "something has happened, I am sure."

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"I hope you will," he said, "for mine, my warm-hearted love."

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But ere I fear, some happier swain
Has gained sweet Joanna's lover,
If we, may never blow he isn't
Though I many never have her.
But gang ane out, or gang she west,
'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
Where men have eyes, or ears or taste,
She'll find nae marrow
She's a-y, ay, she hyrdie, ane gray,
She's a-y my bonny, hyrdie and gay,
She's a-y my honey, hyrdie and gay,
She's a-y my honey, hyrdie and gay,
Oh! gin I were her lover.

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PRIDE OF COUNTENANCE.—Ned Grimes wore a sad countenance. He was often asked what was the matter, but no satisfactory answer was forthcoming. At length a particular friend obtained the following particulars of him:

"Ned, you need Ned. I have been courting Miss Jane Smith for a year, and I am a great notion of getting married, when that darn'd old cuss

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Choice Selections.

A FAREWELL TO OLE BULL.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

There was a fountain in my heart
Whose flow had not been stirred—
A thirst for music in my soul
My ear had never heard.

A feeling of the deep responses
To all bright things allied—
A sense of something beautiful,
Undefined, unspied.

But, wafted beneath thy master-hand,
Those trembling chords have given
A fervency of that deep, full life
That I shall know in Heaven.

I feel immortal, for once
The valves of Unrest,
That when in loud upon my heart,
Lore, through the wood, Anew.

Pale Memory and flushed Hope forget,
Ambition sinks to sleep—
And o'er my spirit thou alone
Be perfect that I weep.

Oh, Stranger! though thy Farewell never
Now on the breeze may sigh,
Yet remember that I love thee
Their echo shall not die.

Thou'rt brought us from thy Northern home
Old Norway's ocean zones,
Wild melodies from ancient lands
Of palaces and thrones.

Thou hast in the "Prince's Stalmide,"
The voice of that dry sea,
Where lonely mariners dyed such flowers,
Made audible by thee.

Take back with thee what we've before
To Memory and Song,
The anthem that "Niagara" chants
The "Minstrel of that Wahsington"—
Their song of victory.

Take back with thee a lofter Fame,
A prouder gift of worth
Fresh laurels from our virgin soil,
And from our Western earth.

E'T A drunken lawyer going into a church was observed by the minister, who addressed him thus—"I will bear witness against that sinner at the day of judgment."

The lawyer, shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied—

"Sir, I've practiced twenty years at the bar, and have found the greatest rascals the first to bear state's evidence."

E'T According to the ancient laws of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy, was condemned to live with both wives in the same house!

E'T Somebody says that suits for divorce are the same as being "bonded up for repeal."

E'T Why is a foul like twenty hundred weight? Because he is a complete.

Ladies' Boudoir.

NEW SONG.

BY BURNS.

[The following song of Burns, never before published, lately appeared in the Morne:]

When first I saw fair Jessie's face,
I couldna tell what aled me,
But now I know I gang a-pace,
My ees, they almost failed me;
She's a-y sae neat, sae tight, sae plain,
All guess dress round her bonnie,
An' look that's like a lover's ee,
And I became a lover.
She's a-y, ay, sae blythe, sae gay,
She's a-y sae bonny, hyrdie, and gay,
Oh! gin I were her lover.

Had I Dundas' whole estate,
Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in,
Did wealth in place direct the gait
Or humbler hays entwining,
I'd lay them a' at Jessie's feet,
Could I but hope to more her,
And prove that a leaked knight,
Was ne'er a lover.
She's a-y, ay, sae blythe, sae gay,
She's a-y sae bonny, hyrdie, and gay,
She's a-y my honey, hyrdie and gay,
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Oh! gin I were her lover.

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"Ned, no, don't be a boy; what about the colonel?"

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"Well, what reply did he make?"

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"Well, Ned, let us know what they were—what the colonel said to disturb your mind so."

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THE CELESTIAL SABBATH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

The golden palaces of my God,
Towering above the clouds I see;
Radiant with glory from above,
Bright as the sun's meridian ray.
Here can I behold the Saviour's face,
Without a wasting pressure on?
Without a veil to hide His face,
Comfort me in the glorious theme!
And clothe me with the robes of light,
That I may stand before Him night,
My Saviour and my God!

BEWARE OF COLDS.

A large proportion of the consumptive cases are also united or aggravated by colds. The philosophy of taking cold is but little understood, and the cause of that frequent but unhappy complaint for the most part overlooked.

We cannot even state the subject freely or fully in a short essay like this. It is sufficient, perhaps, to say whatever gives a permanent check to the natural flow of perspiration, produces from one to twenty colds, as we call a cold, or in the language of the books, a catarrh.

This permanent check may be accomplished in several ways. It may be induced by a large quantity of cold drink taken suddenly, when we are heated by fatigue or exercise; by sitting in a current of cooler air falling upon the body, when in a very warm place and inactive; by similar contact of the leg or part of the body by the cold air, when in a warm room,—as when we sit by a casual or broken window; by going suddenly out of doors when perfectly fatigued, into the night air, especially without sufficient covering; by the application of cold, though it should be moderate, to the surface when we are exposed to a high temperature; and by cold itself, when continued for a long time, as in travelling too far in the cold, or remaining in the cold too long, or too cold during the night, sitting with wet feet, etc.

To avoid taking cold then, we must avoid these and the other causes which check it. But we must also do something more than merely exert ourselves to prevent the exciting causes of cold; we may harden ourselves against its effects so that those exciting causes will not operate. To this end we should be in the habit of bathing the surface of the body frequently in the open air, at all seasons. The practice of daily sponging the chest with cold water, fresh or salt, is also of great service. Let no one be deterred by all persons of delicate constitutions at all seasons of the year. Sponging the whole body with cold water in the open air, is the best preventive of taking cold, when the practice is followed by warmth, increase strength and a keen appetite, is still better than the other. Let no one neglect to use the flesh brush—cold, when so employed as to produce the reaction we have spoken of as a principal object to the whole system; and whenever in this way gives tone to the whole system gives an effectual preventive against the effects of cold, or suffering, in fact, from disease of any kind.

E'T How do you like Shakspeare" said a blue stocking young lady to an old river captain. "I don't like her at all, madam, she burns too much wood and carries too little freight."

E'T An intemperate shoemaker attempted to hang himself in Philadelphia because he was *low* in spirits!

Humorous Stories.

FRIGHTENED AT A GONG.

We have heard a funny story told of a young fellow, residing in one of the tobacco-growing counties of Virginia, who recently made his first visit to Richmond. He had come to "Old Dominion" for the purpose of selling his crop, seeing the sights, and rubbing off some of the rust which his habits of secluded farming of some three years had given him.

He reached Richmond about the middle of the forenoon, and was fortunate in selling his crop at an advantageous rate, and almost immediately. Meeting with a friend, who had formerly lived and lived in the city long enough to know its ways—he was advised to take up his lodgings at Boyden's—the crack house of the place—and to have his baggage sent with bag and baggage. Just before dinner, his country friend called upon him, and found him in his room, engaged in the task of the last hour of the first stairs. It was close upon dinner-time.

"Suppose we go down and get a bite to eat," said the chap who had "lost" come down.

"Agreed," rejoined his city friend, "a glass of wine and bitters will do."

"Let's go down to the bar and get it—dinner's most ready," continued the tobacco-grower.

"No, might as well have it up here," was the rejoinder.

"Good lick; but how are we to call for it?"

"Ring the bell, there."

"What bell?"

Pull that rope hanging there."

The young fellow laid hold of the rope and gave it a jerk; and just at that moment the gong sounded for dinner. Never had he heard such a sound before, and the rumbling crash came upon his ear with a report that stunned him. He staggered back from the rope, raised both hands in horror, and exclaimed:

"Great Jerusalem! what a smash! I've broke a hole through the roof—I'll be bound—and it's a whole dash bill! You must stick by me, old fellow," addressing his friend, "don't leave me in this fix—I'll see what you can do to bail me out when I get home. What did you tell me to touch that cursed rope for?"

But before his friend, who was all but bursting with laughter, could answer, a servant entered the room with—

"Did you ring the bell, sir?"

"Bell! sa, hang your bell! I never touched a bell in my life, what bell! I never saw your bell!"

Somebody rang the bell of the room, that's certain," continued the servant.

"No, they didn't. There's nobody here that ever saw a bell—and then turning to his friend, he exclaimed, "Jim, let's get the rest of it. I shall have a coal bill to get before I pay the entire damage. What do they set such cursed traps as that for, to take holes from the roof of a house?"

After a violent fit laughter, the friend was enabled to explain that it was only the gong sounding for dinner—some simple directions to "walk down to scrap" got up on the Chinese plan. They made their way to the dining room, but it was some time before the city visitor could recover from the fit of astonishing and awful effects of that dreadful gong—It was a coal, indeed, that the crash did not turn his hair gray on the spot."—*Sun*.

Agricultural.

FARM WORK FOR DECEMBER.

Corn.—Such of you as may not have gathered in your corn, do so without delay, and be sure to house it carefully, as you have been told before. If you *good old fashioned* grass, as much will be required for superstition in England, where it will be of better used to add, that it is a very good day as will make its shipment thither a matter of profit to you.

Fattening of Hogs.—Go ahead with this part of your duty; and those of you who may have pork to spare, should not let it go off at a great loss because of getting married, when that darn'd old cuss

"Ned, you're a boy; what about the colonel?"

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The Olio.

THE MAIDEN AND HER MOTHER.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Between my mother, yesterday,
Found out the Kiss you gave
My cheek, (although I was not right,)
She's been caught me ever since.
Therefore I think I'd best at once,
And tell her, that I'll do it no more;
For if there's harm done, any dozen
Must know that will cancel it.
But mind, I would on no account
Give her your name, for then
Nay she'd be taken to love's account,
But only for my mother.

So I'll at once my fears remove;
Now then—to quiet, do
Or close our lips forever—I don't know
Which first I'll—I—or you?
Therefore, to save mischief, I must,
Let you, for I can't trust
And with one more replace the first;
Now, mother, all is right,
But mind, I would on no account
Give her your name, for then
Nor add the least to love's account,
But only for my mother.

A NEW MODE OF RAISING THEATRE.—The following account of a novel mode of raising a theatre occurred in Pittsburg, where everything and everybody smokes. A colored man, who was very partial to "old rye," found in the same room, contrived the indulgence, met a little boy short three years old, on Fourth street, and accosted the little urchin with the usual salutation, "How are you?" "Go away, this instant, you little white varmint, I tell you your father." The terrified boy immediately made off as speedy which he could, and reached the middle of the street, and scampered off. The darkey was astonished at the unfavorable reception, and, after setting off, smoking it with as much gravity as if he had been "fresh as imported."

HORSES AND NOISE.—The noted Dr. Mowray related that the first of his family of any note was a mare that was very much given to noise. In order for money, deprived his feather beds of their contents, supplying the deficiency with unsalable hops. Some years ago he sold a sorrel blight, hope included, to a neighbor, who, on the return of the crash did not turn his hair gray on the spot."—*Sun*.

Agricultural.

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Juvenile Department

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of sixteen letters.
My 5, 3, 7 and 5, is a country in Pennsylvania.
My 10, 3, 3, 2, 5, 4 and 5, do, do.
My 7, 4, 10, 7, 14, 4 and 5, do, do.
My 6, 4, 7, 3 and 5, do, do.
My 8, 3, 10, 7, 12 and 5, do, do.
My 1, 11, 12, 5, 7, 8 and 5, it is town in Pennsylvania.
My 1, 2, 6, 3, 5, 14, 7 and 4, do, do.
My 13, 5, 14, 10, 7, 4 and 15, do, do.
My 8, 11, 9, 12, 5, 6, 10, 13 9 and 1, a stream of water in Pennsylvania.

My whole is the name of a Representative in Congress.

Young Men, of all kinds, must receive increased attention and be regularly set.

Fire Wood.—Be sure to cut and haul into your yard before the roads in the woods get bad, as much less wood can be got out after that.

Fencing.—Cut and prepare your timber for fencing—and do not forget to haul it into your yard, as soon as it may be ready. Examine your fences and repair them where necessary.

Garlic.—If your fields are infested with this pestilential weed, clover ploughing is one of the most effectual means of destroying it.

Manures.—Without plenty of manure, neither good nor large crops can be grown, unless your lands are already fertile. Therefore set yourself to work to gather and compost everything that can, by possibility, benefit your fields. Recollect that the ashes, bones, manure, and refuse of your houses, and all other places where these things perishable, are the richest sources of manure; therefore see that you render each and all of them tributary to the increase of our manure piles.

WINTER FEEDING.

It has been for a long time the common belief of our city friends to remark—"What a fine time you must have in the country in winter—nothing to do—plenty of sport in the woods, and nothing but to ride by fire in that ever during stormy days, and keep evening—and so forth, do we have only enough many delights pictured to us, that the practice of many among us would seem to justify the correctness of the idea. But it is not so, and in the most instances but the consequence of its reiteration—we have heard it so often, that, like the story telling of the old Irish peasant, we "get used to it."

As our chief object in writing these short essays, in a social form, is to impress upon your minds, the fact, that farming is a noble, interesting, and highly cultivated property a business man—it is our duty, at this particular season, to send the familiar error to which we have alluded—and indeed, the generally entertained notion that farming, at all seasons, is a laborious and unpleasant occupation—and in this way, will seize an anecdote from real life, to begin with.

A worthy German who had by patient labor, accumulated a little store of what his philosophic countrymen very properly call "hard-money," determined to set down and enjoy—"otium cum dignitate"—beneath his own "vine, and fig tree," by "scratching now and trinkin' few"—and to wile away the tedious hours of winter, he purchased one to his bean ideal of the "house of blue," a tan acre lot, which he purposed cropping in corn and potatoes, and in the meantime, to amuse it by "raising pleta